

Raftsmen's Journal.

COME AND TAKE ME.—DUTVIER.

VOL. 1.

CLEARFIELD, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1854.

NO. 11.

RAFTSMAN'S JOURNAL.
REV. JONES, PUBLISHER.
Per annum, (payable in advance) \$1 00
If paid within the year 50
After the expiration of the year 2 00
No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid.
A failure to notify a discontinuance at the expiration of the term subscribed for, will be considered a new engagement.

Select Poetry.

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

This book is all that's left me now
Tears will unbidden start,
With falling lip and throbbing brow,
I press it to my heart;
For many generations past
Here is our family tree;
My mother's hand this Bible clasped;
She dying gave it me.

Ah! well do I remember those
Whose names these records bear
Who round the hearth-stone used to close
After the evening prayer,
And speak of what these pages said,
In tones my heart would thrill!
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here are they living still.

My father read this holy book
To brothers, sisters dear;
How calm was my poor mother's look,
Who heard God's word to hear.
He angel face—I see it yet!
What thronging memories come!
Again that little group is met
Within the walls of home.
Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried;
Where all were false I found thee true,
My counsellor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasure give
That could this volume buy;
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die.

Original Moral Tale.

[WRITTEN FOR THE JOURNAL.]

THE

MARTYR FAMILY.

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CHAPTER I.

[Continued from last week.]

Valens having left, Prytheus threw himself back, with a sigh, on his seat; and closing his eyes, gave himself up to his accustomed musings. The future, from whose silent depths not even a solitary ray of hope had hitherto come, to lessen the burdens and solve the mysteries of the present, now stood out before him, all lighted up with the beams and glory of eternal day; and that day, so full of hope and comfort to the weary soul, occupied his thoughts almost every moment of his waking hours.

Upon this glorious future, his mind was intently ruminating, as he sat alone in his solitary apartment—the old lamp, well-nigh exhausted, casting only a few sombre and flickering rays around him. In a little time, however, he fell, unconsciously, asleep; but his thoughts ran on as before, only that they took a more bold and lofty flight, and, in a few moments, he was gazing upon the most wondrous sights.

All at once, a gentle form appeared hovering over him in the air, beckoning him away. At first, his feelings were those of dread; but the form descending nigher, said: "Come, and I will show thee a mystery." The sweet, gentle tones of the voice, and the bright, earnest smile that played over the features, inspired his confidence; and instantly he felt himself lifted from the earth, and pursuing the form through trackless regions of air. In a moment, the earth vanished, and the clouds lay in the misty depths beneath, rolling along like a sea of molten gold.

Presently his sight grew dim, and dimmer still; till, finally, he was surrounded by an almost felt darkness, though hurried on, with inconceivable rapidity, by some invisible power.

By and by, the sound of distant music, inexpressibly sweet, broke occasionally upon his ear—as if wafted on the breeze, or borne on the waves of some boundless ocean. He would gladly have stopped and listened; but the same unseen hand urged him on, till, at length he felt his feet rest upon something smooth and polished; and his eyes were opened.

It is in vain to attempt to describe the glory that lay before him. It was a place—a new heavens and earth; and at his feet lay a vast city, surrounded by a wall, great and high, and on the top of which he found himself standing. The music seemed to fill all the air of the place, and every gentle breeze that wafted over him was laden with its melodies. Light, airy forms, smiling and greeting each other, flitted along its streets, which were of gold; while its palaces and towers glittered in the sun-beams like masses of the purest diamond. Through its centre, lengthwise, flowed a river of water, lined on either side by the most airy and beautiful mansions, surrounded by gardens of scented flowers, and groves of the trees of Paradise—underneath which strolled and reclined thousands and

tens of thousands, having harps of gold in their hands.

But what arrested his attention, most of all, was the great Throne in the midst of the city, and Him that sat thereon; and around which stood a numberless multitude, with palms of victory, singing a new song.

As he stood, wondering and beholding, he felt a gentle tap on the shoulder, and, looking round, saw the form again at his side.

"If thou wouldst see, child of earth, the mystery, I will show thee."

Instantly his sight again left him, and he was in the midst of the same darkness as before. From some cause, a strange, indescribable tremor seized him, and he felt as though he would fall from his feet.

"The flesh is weak," said the guide, "and there must be a *meekness* for such sights. When mortality is swallowed up of life then thou canst endure. But come—I will show thee," at which words he felt himself again borne along, and gradually descending from the lofty walls.

When his eyes opened he was standing behind the Throne, with the guide at his side. Directly before him was a magnificent altar of gold, studded with rare and costly gems.—Under the altar, lay a company of disembodied spirits, clothed in robes of white, crying with a loud voice: "how long, O Lord, Holy and true, dost thou not avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?"

There was something so earnest and solemn, and yet so winning and gentle in the looks and voices of these spirits, that his heart at once melted down into the greatest tenderness.—His whole soul seemed irresistibly drawn out towards them—though, at the same time, there were mingled in his feelings the emotions of sorrow and compassion.

"And who," said he, after gazing for a time in astonishment, "are these?"

"These," said the guide, "are the souls of them that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held."

"And how long will their blood remain unavenged?" he inquired.

"They rest here yet," said the guide, "for a little season, until their fellow servants also and their brethren, that should be killed as they were, shall be fulfilled."

Just then there was a quick rap at the door, his eyes opened—and the old lamp burned as dimly as before, and the dusky walls had the same spectral appearance.

As it was a late hour of the night, Prytheus was greatly surprised; but he was soon relieved by seeing enter, the same youth who had previously announced the "fire."

"My mother," said the youth, "desires to know how thou doest; the fires multiply in the city, and she feared thy anxiety."

"Well I know thy mother's faith and charity; and may she be rewarded with a place in that glory I have this night beheld," said Prytheus, raising his eyes, in gratitude, to heaven.

"And is it well with thee?" inquired the youth, looking up earnestly into the calm and benignant face of the holy man.

"It is most well, my child," said he, "nor do I fear that any ill will befall me this night; my visions are of glory, and the one God my trust."

"Then I will return quickly and bear the comfort to my mother," said the youth.

"And the One God guide thy steps," said Prytheus.

A glance here at the history of this youth may not be amiss, as it may, perhaps, gratify the curiosity of the reader; and, especially, as he is to act a part in the drama of martyrdom about to be sketched.

He was the son of Heli, a Jew, who, with his wife and child, had fled from Judea; and who, after various wanderings in foreign lands, and many reverses of fortune, had found his way to Rome. Here, collecting together the few remains of his fortune, he established himself in a shop, for the sale of trinkets and such little fancy articles as his capital would command. In this way he had managed to support himself and family for several years.

At length, however, Heli sickened, and suddenly died—leaving his wife to maintain herself and child, as best she could. This she had been enabled to do, and even to lay by a small sum of money, as the result of her economy.

Two years after the death of her husband, she renounced Judaism and embraced Christianity, regardless of the reproach that then affixed to that name both in Judea and at Rome.

Her attachment to her new faith was sincere, ardent, and conscientious. It had, moreover, infused a new life into her whole being; and, like Dorcas, her labors of love and mercy were abundant. Early, also, in her experience, she had formed the friendship and acquaintance of Prytheus, whom she regarded as her spiritual comforter and adviser.

Her son, and only child, at this time, was about twelve years old. He was a sprightly lad, obedient, and uncommonly kind to his mother. His form was slender, his hair light and silken, his eyes blueish, while his features plainly indicated that he was one of Abraham's "seed." Then his mother was dotingly attached to him, and regarded him with more than the ordinary pride and satisfaction of a parent. Her dreams were of him; and

her greatest earthly bliss was in his bright eyes and plaintive voice, as they sat, on an evening, in their small, neatly-furnished apartment, singing together one of the sweet songs of their father-land. Then her heart bounded into ecstasy; and heaven was audibly thanked, because it had not left her a childless widow in a stranger-land, but blessed her with a guardian spirit to cheer her widowed years, and guide her declining steps down in quiet to the grave.

Her only anxiety was for his conversion. For this she prayed earnestly, continually. And often, in the still twilight of the evening, taking her boy by the hand, had she conducted him along the narrow streets to the secluded abode of Prytheus, to obtain for him the prayers and blessings of the holy man.

It is easy to conceive how nimble such a lad, at the bidding of his fondly-loved mother, would fly fearless along the dark alleys on so good an errand; and how he would return again quickly, with the comfort—"he's most well."

But, for the present, we must leave the mother and her boy, and return to the dimly-lighted chamber of Prytheus.

He is reclining back as usual in his seat, his eyes closed, and his arms folded across his breast. The snowy locks are smoothed back behind the ears. The lofty and projecting forehead has a few more wrinkles on it; the heavy brows are a little more arched; the cheeks are slightly paler, and the lips rather more compressed—while about all the features there is a greater *fixedness* than is wont, and something of a more anxious interest playing about them.

The vision has made a deep impression on his mind; and his thoughts are of it. Was it a dream—a fancy sketch—an illusion of the "teeming brain." Or had he, in reality, been favored with one of those "glights" into the third heavens of which he remembered hearing Paul speak, on his last visit to Rome?

At any rate, thought he, if these strange things be not indeed *realities*—they strongly savor, at least, of another state—that afar in the regions above there are other worlds and other existences, more beautiful and blessed than our own. So I must think—so believe—even though dreams and visions alone revealed it.

And what is that mysterious something within, that thinks, and remembers, and wills; that looks out upon the past, present, and future; and then, spreading its ethereal wings, bounds away in a moment through air, and clouds, and storms, and on into the very depths of the skies, and gazes upon the glories and reads the secrets of other worlds? Can this be made for annihilation? No! the earth cannot crush it; the grave cannot hold it; time cannot measure its duration.

But the souls under the altar most strangely and deeply affected him. As to who they were and whence they came, he had no doubt. And the meaning of their loud cry, he had understood from his guide.

But the fact that they were to remain there, till their brethren and fellow servants should be killed as they were, for a time, greatly perplexed him. How had they been killed? And he thought long and earnestly.

Ah! now, thought he, I recollect; "they were slain for the testimony they held," that is, *martyred*. And they are resting there, till their company is swelled from the earth, of such as are to pass through the same bloody seas, to their crown.

May be, too, our unfortunate Emperor is to have a hand, unwittingly, in the bloody work. Here Prytheus rose quickly from his seat; and, fetching a deep sigh, began walking to and fro, thinking of the conversation of his noble friend, and other incidents of the night.

[To be Continued.]

THE VINEGAR-FACED GENTRY.—That very able and ubiquitous sheet, "An Exchange Paper," gives the following plain statements, which we commend to the "afflicted." "There is a class of men in every community who go about with vinegar faces, because somebody feels above them, or because they are not appreciated as they should be, and who have a constant quarrel with what they call their destiny. We hate such people. They are a nuisance and a pest. They make all within their influence uncomfortable. These men have usually made a grave mistake in the estimate of their abilities, or are unmitigated asses. Wherever this fault-finding with one's condition or position occurs, there is always want of self-respect. If you are a right, downy fellow, wash the wormwood off your face, and show your good will by your good deeds.—Then if people 'feel above you,' why return the compliment, and feel above them. If they turn up their noses because you are a mechanic, or a farmer, or a shop boy, turn up your nose a notch higher. If they swell when they pass you in the street, swell yourself. Deliver us from the winning fools who go around like babies, telling how people abuse them, and whining because society will not take them by the collar and drag them into decency."

The world is a looking glass, and gives back to every man the reflection of his own face. Frown at it, and it will in turn look sourly upon you; laugh at it with it, and it is a jolly, kind companion; and so let all young persons take their choice.

Educational Department.

Decisions, by the State Superintendent.

County Superintendents should go to each district to make examinations, giving ample notice of the time and place appointed. The law expressly declares that the Directors may be present at all examinations, and the citizens of the district should also be invited to attend. When examinations are thus attended by citizens, the County Superintendent should give the persons present full information in regard to the objects and working of the law, his own and their duties, the duties of the Directors, Teachers, Pupils, Parent, &c., by means of addresses carefully prepared for such occasions; and should arouse the public mind, as much as possible, to the importance, utility and practicability of Education by Common Schools.

There is no cause for difficulty in granting the proper Certificate to Teachers. Unless the candidate passes with credit a thorough examination in the branches named in the Certificate with the seal, it must not be given to him, but the temporary one issued in its place. A strong inducement is thus held out to inferior teachers to improve their qualifications.

If Directors employ teachers who have not obtained a certificate from a County Superintendent, they render themselves liable to prosecution and punishment for misdemeanor in office, if the public sustain injury by their neglect of duty; and they may, at any time, be removed from office under the provisions of the 9th section of the school law.

No reasonable objection exists to Directors employing teachers who have certificates from Superintendents of other counties, but they may, if they think proper, refuse to employ them until such Teachers are examined and approved by their own County Superintendent. If incompetent teachers are imposed upon the schools of any county, through the carelessness, neglect, or other deficiency, of Superintendents of other counties, the Superintendent of the former can avail himself of the provisions of the 28th section of the school law, and thus fully protect the schools of his county from having incompetent instructors imposed upon them.

Whenever a County Superintendent discovers an incompetent teacher with a first-class certificate from another Superintendent, he is requested and it is his duty, to report the fact and names to this Department. Any material neglect of duty in regard to examinations and granting the professional teacher's certificate, will be followed with prompt removal from office, as soon as due proof thereof is made.

County Superintendents will not be permitted to alter the character of the blank certificates furnished them by the Department, or to issue others. They may make reports to boards of directors, in any form they may desire, for the purpose of exhibiting, in detail, the results of their examinations of teachers, and this course is recommended.

The 38th section of the school law requires that Orthography, Reading, Writing, English Grammar, Geography, and Arithmetic shall be taught in every district, not in every school of every district. The intent and meaning of this section is, plainly, that a reasonable opportunity shall be afforded to every pupil in each district to obtain proper instruction in all of these branches. If this purpose can be accomplished by having them taught in only one school, or by grading the school of a district, and requiring the branches named to be taught in only one or more schools of a higher grade, the duty of the Directors will be properly discharged by adopting that course.

In regard to the question of the right of teachers to inflict corporal punishment upon their pupils, all concerned will bear in mind that the Superintendent has no power to make laws; though it is his duty to explain such laws to schools and school purposes, when applied to. The right of the teacher to inflict such punishment is founded only upon the necessity of the case, and not upon statute. It is absolutely necessary that good order should be maintained in the schools, and that all proper rules, regulations and commands of the Teacher should be strictly and promptly obeyed. Hence a necessity exists for sufficient power to enforce this duty, and hence it is held that a teacher may inflict such reasonable corporal punishment upon his pupil as the parent might inflict for a similar cause. The pupil is technically in school from the hour of opening in the morning and afternoon until final dismissal, and while in or about the school house in pursuance of his duty as a pupil. This, then, is the extent of the authority of the teacher to inflict corporal punishment, and it would be totally impracticable to extend it by legislative enactment.

No parent would consent to relinquish the control of his child at his own fire-side or in his own household, and it would be unjust and cruel to make the latter responsible to two authorities who might differ in almost every command given. If such was the case, a teacher might require a pupil to commit lessons of school hours, while the parent would require manual labor from the pupil during the same time. The Teacher might prescribe one line of conduct—the parent another. Who should be obeyed, when both could not be?

If either should be habitually disobeyed, the consequences would inevitably be extremely pernicious. The grant of such powers to the Teacher, too, would be inconsistent with the just responsibility of the parent, to the laws of the land and of God, for the conduct of his child, and destructive of almost all responsibility of minors, excepting during school hours and to criminal laws. Nor would there be any commensurate benefit for the evils which the grant of such powers would entail. If a Teacher has sufficient authority to control his school, his power is ample for the purposes of instruction in school, and there ends his responsibility. If pupils abuse each other in their way to or from school or commit other wrongs, they and their parents are responsible to the law, and one or two examples of prompt redress by this means would, no doubt, correct all such evils in any neighborhood.

As the Pennsylvania School Journal is now to some extent officially connected with the common school system, it is not deemed objectionable for boards of Directors to subscribe for it, and pay the cash out of the district Treasury.

The Schools of each district must be kept open four months within the year to which the State appropriation applies, and this fact must be verified by the oath of the President of the Board of Directors, before a warrant for the appropriation can be issued. The first certificate and affidavit to be made under this provision, must set forth that the Schools have been kept open and in operation four months, subsequently to the first Monday in June, 1854.

If the School Directors fail to obtain a Collector, for any reason, they may appoint the Constable or Treasurer of the district to that duty, under the provisions of the 31st section of the school law; and if either of these refuse to perform the duties of Collector, the proviso to the same section imposes a fine of fifty dollars upon them. It is the opinion of the Superintendent that, as giving bond and surety is part of the duty of every person appointed Collector, and as the 32d section prohibits Directors from appointing any person Collector without first taking bond and surety, a Constable or Treasurer refusing to give such bond, &c., would render himself liable to the penalty imposed by the proviso to the 31st section of the school law.

The tax to which the proviso to the 30th section of the school law applies, is exclusively, a personal tax, and not a tax upon property. Thus, no matter how much property a tradesman may own, he must pay at least fifty cents tax on his occupation. Single freemen are taxed as such only when they have no trade, profession or occupation for which they are taxable;—and such personal school tax can not be less than fifty cents, however large an amount they may pay upon property.

THE NOBILITY OF LABOR.—Mechanics, laborers, and farmers are often sneered at because their hands are horny, their clothes soiled; but do these men reflect that it is these very mechanics, laborers and farmers who mainly contribute to sustain the Government. It is upon them that our safety or honor rests; they are the strong arm of the State, and the fortifications of the Republic. The man who sneers at them because of their calling in life, derides manual labor and toil, is no honor to the race of humanity, a mere popinjay, whose mind is cramped by the foolish caprices and whims of fashion. Has one of these mock gentlemen ever contributed his mite to the support of the great mass of humanity? Is the world benefited by his existence, or is he a burden and curse to it? All must come to this latter conclusion.

Labor is one of the first commands of God. Idleness is deprecated in holy writ; the one is honorable, the other dishonorable. Labor strengthens the physical constitution; it gives power to the mind; it ennobles the feelings, and makes great men and good citizens. Idleness, on the contrary impairs the body, enervates the mind, destroys natural integrity, promotes dissipation, and is a source of incalculable evil. It will, on examination, be found to be the root of intemperance and debauchery, and in many instances, of crime. It wrecks the physical system, debases the mental faculties, fills our prisons and poor houses, and cumber the land with a race of beings who live upon the sweat of others' brows, and pass off the stage of life without benefiting others, or developing themselves. Is not labor, then, more genteel than idleness?

A CLINCHER.—We recently spoke of the old lady who triumphantly pointed out the "Epistle to the Romans," and asked where one could be found addressed to the Protestants. The Catholic Mirror happily retorts by telling us of a negro Baptist at the South, who said to his Methodist master, "You've read the Bible, I s'pose." "Yes," "Well, you've read in it of one John the Baptist, hasn't you?" "Yes." "Well, you never saw nothing about no John the Baptist, did you?" "No." "Well, den you see dere's Baptists in de Bible, but dere ain't no Methodists; and de Bible's on my side." We leave our good brethren of these sects to settle this knotty point among themselves.—Banner of the Cross.

Very Sharp Trading.

There lived a few years since, 'among the 'piney woods,' not far from here, a fellow whom we will call C——, who thought he knew something about a bargain, and other people had good reasons to think so, too. By his 'cuteness,' C——, had accumulated a considerable estate, and among other things owned a large stock of cattle. There being a sudden demand for cattle in a town not very far off, a sharp fellow of a butcher, named A——, rode post from the city to buy some of C——'s cattle, and C——, ignorant of the rise in cattle, soon agreed to sell A—— an hundred head at \$9.00, round. The bargain had not been made a couple of hours, before another butcher rode up to buy C——'s cattle also, and C——, discovering the rise, felt that he was 'sold,' but at the same time, that he wasn't yet delivered.

A—— soon learned that C—— had a sister, who had cattle for sale, and C——, bargaining for his sister, sold A—— whatever cattle she might have, at \$12, round. The next day, off went the parties to drive up the cattle, but nearly every cow and steer they found belonged to C——'s sister. Over and over again, C—— would say, 'Ah! yonder is some. Them must be mine. No! sister's agin.' And strange to say though the neighbors thought before, that C—— had a great many cattle, and 'sister' very few, yet a hundred head were found belonging to C——'s sister, and the day's search could produce only five or six that belonged to C——. And A—— paid \$12 a head for sister's cattle, and \$9 a head for C——, and drove away to his slaughter pen.

But A—— himself has a reputation as a trade, and five or six months after the sale of cattle, rode up into C——'s neighborhood a very showy horse, and met C—— by accident.

"G-o-o-d m-o-r-n-i-n-g S-i-r," said C——. "How are you?"

The butcher returned the compliments, and very soon C——, who had been eyeing the horse, even before his very hearty salutation of the rider, asked carelessly if the horse was gentle.

"As a lamb, said A——.

"Draws, eh?" said C——.

"Well he does," replied A——, family horse. Want to buy?"

"Don't care if I do," said C——, "what will you take for him?"

"Two seventy-five," said A——, "cheap, at that."

After considerable bargaining, C—— found that A—— would not fall a dollar, and as the horse was a dead match for one he owned, and he wanted a horse immediately for steady work, C—— told A—— he would take him, if A—— would drive him in a buggy. A—— is a bold man and believes in luck, so he put the horse in a buggy, and that time the horse did draw gently. The two seventy-five and the horse changed hands and the first time C—— put the horse to his steady work, the wagon went to pieces, the match horse got killed, and the late purchase went through the woods at the rate of ———, with bits of harness on him.

Shortly after this, C—— and A—— met at camp meeting.

"Mr. ———," said C——, with virtuous indignation, "how could you sell me your infernal horse?"

"My infernal horse?" said A——, "wasn't mine—"was my sister's."

NEVER BE IDLE.—Life is too short to allow of any moments being wasted which can be turned to good account. The apprentice who spends his evenings in study, is sure to lay up a stock of ideas, which he will find, at some time or other, will prove to him so much positive capital. His fellow apprentice, who squanders his evenings at oyster cellars, or in lounging about engine houses, gains no such seeds of future wealth; but, on the contrary, impairs his health by his early excesses, besides losing the confidence of all who might help him forward in life. Even he who avoids the follies so common to young men, but yet makes fatigue the plea for sleeping away the evening, or otherwise wasting his time, commits a serious blunder. If more persons would resolve, on emerging from childhood, never to be idle, there would be twenty fortunes made where one is made now, and twenty men rise to eminence where one attains distinction at present. Every year, more hours are wasted, by four people out of five, than would, if improved, have made them rich in their old age. Never be idle.

RUSSIAN FUNERAL CEREMONIES.—Dr. Baird, in his Lectures on Europe, relates the following respecting Russian funeral ceremonies:—"The priest takes possession of the room containing the corpse, which is brilliantly lighted up, the coffin in the middle. Passionate appeals are made by the priest and all friends take the hand of the corpse, and ask pardon for ill-will or injury done to the deceased in life. The priest puts a piece of paper in the hand of the corpse—stating that he was a good member of the Greek Church. A feast is held round the grave, and a little meat is placed on the grave to propitiate evil spirits."